

have that man singing any longer; he spoils the whole choir. If only he sang "bass," it would not so much matter; but such an "alto" is intolerable. "Very well, Dr. Corfe," said the Dean, "I will deal with the matter." So the choirman was sent for. Dr. Corfe complains of your singing, and says he cannot have you sing "alto" any longer; but that it would not be so bad if you sang "bass." "For the future, therefore, be good enough to sing "bass." "But, Mr. Dean," rejoined the man, "I cannot sing "bass." "Well," answered Liddell, "I am no musician; but sing "bass" you must. Good morning." And for many a year afterward, as can be too well

TOLEDO.

A SPLENDID AND MOURNFUL MONUMENT
IN SPANISH HISTORY.

TOLEDO. The Story of an Old Spanish Capital. By Hannah Lynch. Illustrated by Helen M. James. ("Medieval Towns Series.") 15mo, pp. viii, 306. London: J. M. Dent & Co. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The traveller in Spain, who has watched one day following another in a blaze of sunshine, is, for all his pleasure in the spectacle, sensible of something fitting, when he approaches cer-

tain spots, to find them under a clouded sky. The Escorial is one of these. The Manchegan plain is another. Toledo, above all, is at its best on a gray day, with a chill wind blowing viciously through the tangled streets and with possibly a drizzling fall of rain. All this makes for discomfort, of course, but, barring the one hotel to which Miss Lynch gratefully refers in her appendix, there is nothing comfortable in Toledo. One does not go there for material pleasures; one goes for the melancholy charm of the town, for the fascination of its tragic gloom. Flung with heroic disregard for considerations of luxury or of formal beauty upon its seven peaks, like some earlier Rome, it has been through centuries a small but proud and self-contained city, which slumbers on to-day rich only in memories of independence and great deeds. Vestiges remain of the humanist tastes of her old archbishops and kings, magnificent vestiges; but even when the Toledan court was at the apex of its Gothic splendors one imagines that the town must have had the same stern physiognomy that it shows in modern times. No bravery of palaces and gardens could quite disguise the fierce temper of its people. In Roman times and in Gothic, under Moorish domination and in the reigns of Spanish kings, Toledo has had its sumptuous side. The great ecclesiastical princes alone did endless things to increase the visible glories of their city. "What a stupendous achievement the lives of these Toledan archbishops," says Miss Lynch, "martial, learned, literary, eloquent and artistic; every facet of multiple genius. Now they build ships, then cathedrals, collect rare MSS. . . . win glorious battle and write histories and verse!" But the lords of the Church, like the Moors, "left it as they found it, the stern home of revolt, the nest of mailed warriors and hardy artisans, so hard and quarrelsome that not even their loves furnish us with a soft legend, nor their literature a witching profile, or any hint of seductive grace in their womanhood." And so the traveller prefers the gray days. Miss Lynch protests that the Tagus, cooled like a tawny serpent about the base of the town, has its moments of debonair loveliness, when the radiant blue of the sky is repeated on its shining surface, and other beguiling colors play across it, but it is most characteristic when it is most severely and dully yellow.

Could the genius of Toledo have been more appropriately expressed than in her world-renowned forging of steel weapons? They were her natural product. Francis I. going to captivity in Madrid, exclaimed when he saw youths carrying swords at their sides, "Oh, most happy Spain, that brings forth and brings up men

already armed!" Toledo, providing many of the men, provided thousands of the swords. We may note in passing Miss Lynch's brief description of the famous weapons. "The steel used by the 'repadores' of Toledo," she says, "came from the iron mines of Mondragon, in the Basque provinces. Palomares explains its peculiar excellence by the virtues of the sand and water of the Tagus. When the metal was red hot it was covered with sand, and the blade then formed, it was placed in a hollow of sixty centimetres, and, red hot, was plunged into a wooden tank full of Tagus water." In former days the sword makers were persons of vast importance, "even the mere sellers of daggers and blades were privileged citizens whom the very sovereigns and archbishops respected"; but to-day one has only to visit the Fabrica in the suburbs to feel how the old tradition has evaporated, leaving still a certain really notable excellence in the steel, but none of the old artistic glamour and dignity, none of the ancient distinction. The Fabrica, like everything else in Toledo, has suffered from the reactionary and sordid character of the modern townsfolk. But one does not visit the Fabrica a second time, any more than one lingers long over the modern damascene, which Miss Lynch finds more admirable, we think, than it really is. To live contentedly for a time in Toledo one must ignore its modern phases and study its sternly beautiful vistas in the light of that history which Miss Lynch has summarized. One must remember, for example, that modest old fighter Wamba, who at the funeral of Recesvintus was by general election proclaimed king. He was not ambitious, and protested against being placed upon the throne. "So frantic was the sense of disappointment that a duke walked up to him angrily and threatened to kill him on the spot if he persisted in his refusal." Wamba accepted. For all his modesty and other estimable qualities, however, he was a true Goth. When one of his generals rebelled and he finally captured the man—Count Paul, a man of Greek origin—he condemned him "to walk barefooted between two dukes on horseback, who led him in both ranks at his head." Then Wamba on horseback coldly surveyed the ignoble procession, while poor Paul was forced to prostrate himself before his outraged master. In public the king rebuked him, and then, we are sorry to record, of so great a man, publicly kicked him, and ordered his head to be shaved." Wamba, it may be observed, is one of the most amiable types in the annals of Toledo. There are dozens of others whose savagery casts his in the shade. Pedro the Cruel is one, a personage of deeds too horrible to describe. Another, a renegade Christian, who was governor in 807, under Muslim rule, rose upon one occasion to appalling heights. He it was who by a clever intrigue succeeded in getting something like five thousand Toledans, noble and wealthy gentlemen, to come to a great feast at the castle in the middle of the town. Into this fortified place the guests were admitted only one at a time. Each

FICTION.
THE GREAT KINDNESS OF THE
FROM THE MACHINE.

A MOUNTAIN EUROPA. By John Fox, Jr. 12mo, pp. 92. Harper & Bros.

IONE MARCH. By S. R. Crockett. With Illustrations by E. Pollak. 12mo, pp. 36. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE POWERS AT PLAY. By Elsie Perry. 12mo, pp. 28. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Fox strikes just the happy medium in his scenic descriptions and his romantic narrative. He loves his Kentucky mountains and paints them well, but fortunately avoids the foibles of so many Southern writers—first made conspicuous by "Charles Egbert Craddock"—of raising sunsets and the like to positions equalling those of the men and women involved. Mr. Fox's heroine is a crude mountain girl who possesses rare beauty and certain high potentialities of character. She moves naturally and with some originality against her picturesque background. The process by which she becomes first the pupil and then the sweetheart of the hero is conventional enough, but is treated skillfully and is therefore made interesting. But the climax comes obviously from the timely intervention of the god from the machine. It is plain that the marriage of Clayton and his Europa could only lead to misery for both, but how to get them over this difficulty was evidently too much of a problem for the author. He is driven by lack of inventive power to kill the hero at the end of the book, introducing a drunken father for the purpose. This flagrantly artificial expedient detracts from the value of a story that is otherwise freshly and gracefully depicted.

The heroine of Mr. Crockett's new novel, "Ione March," is addressed by her simple-minded lover in those impassioned words, "Oh, you witch!" Mr. Keith Harford, being at last secure of his happiness, is thus hit off by the afore-said Ione as they walk into Andover, and the lady gives "a pull of possessive happiness" to the arm of her future lord. "Well, it's unmarriageable, I know. But since I have had to do all the rest, make all the love, help you out of all your stupid difficulties, encourage you with a bunch of carrots before your nose like well, like the animal that dotes on carrots. In a word, since you have made me propose to you—

man as he stepped through the gateway was felled with a hatchet, and so neatly was the plan carried out that the ditches were filled with corpses before the town discovered what was afoot.



TOLEDO FROM THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA.

Miss Lynch has made in this little volume a contribution to the "Medieval Towns Series" which is good, but might have been better. Her style is crude and often inflated. She has lost her sense of proportion in writing about "El Greco," the painter whose numerous works at Toledo form one of the most valuable possessions of the town, and conveys an unduly exaggerated impression of his art. Furthermore, the peculiar magic of Toledo, its strangely solemn beauty, its soul, in a word, is interpreted but haltingly in these pages. The celebration of a

I may as well ask you when you would like to be married." Of course the young lady is talking with "mock earnestness," of course she is exaggerating, but it is true throughout the book is adequately illustrated by this passage. Ione may have been, for Mr. Harford, a witch, Mr. Harford may have been to her, well, like the animal that dotes on carrots, but to the reader they are both impossible creatures and utter bores. There are many other equally engaging personages in the book, among them one Judd, the least in state, and they all pass through divers extraordinary and irrelevant adventures. But by no stretch of the imagination can the characters be described as human, or the adventures as amusing. The tale drifts on interminably through tangle of inconsequence and

remembered, the man sang "bass," till he was finally shelved."

It might be supposed that one capable of such cavalier behavior toward his subordinates would not be, on the whole, sympathetic, yet the impression that remains after a perusal of his biography is that of an inspiring and even lovable man. His culture was immense. It was permeated by his religious feeling, and by a certain nobility that was present as much in his smallest and most prosaic doings as in his preaching or his official acts. He was a man of magnificent presence. Fitted by birth and breeding, by inherent gifts and by his scholarly training for the dignified position he held so long, he moves through Mr. Thompson's pages the ideal scholar, the type of all that is most elevated and most enduring, if not most brilliant, in the life of the English universities. We take leave of him in a peculiarly fitting passage from one of his letters, describing the matriculation of the Heir Apparent at Christ Church in 1859, an event with which it seems natural that Liddell, so handsome, so stately, so ceremonious, so much the academic and official type, should be identified. To his father he writes:

I had not time to write last night, after our grand doings with the Prince of Wales. He came down in a royal carriage (that by special train) at about 4 o'clock. I received him on the platform, and followed him to his house. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors then called to pay their respects; then the Mayor and two Aldermen with an address; I standing by and introducing them. Then I went down to Christ Church, where we had the gates shut and all the men drawn up as he entered. He walked to my house between two lines of men, who capped him. I went out to meet him, and as we entered the house there was a spontaneous cheer. All through the streets, which were very full, the people cheered him well. Then I took him up to the drawing room, and entered his name on the butler's book. He then retired with his tutor, Mr. Fisher, and put on a nobleman's cap and gown in the gallery, and returned to receive greetings as the first Prince of Wales who had matriculated since Henry V. He was also introduced to the Sub-Dean and Censors. I then walked him across the Quadrangle, and across the streets to Pembroke College, where he found the Vice-Chancellor waiting at the door. He took him upstairs, and there matriculated him in due form. The Prince himself is the nicest little fellow possible, so simple, naive, ingenuous and modest, and moreover with extremely good wits, possessing also the royal faculty of never forgetting a face.

Mr. Lewis Melville's "Life of Thackeray" is to be published in this country by H. S. Stone & Co. It is said to be a complete record of the novelist's career.